## VOL. XXVI.

# MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1876.

CHRONICLE.

## ACENTS for the DOMINION CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

New York Tablet, Weekly	\$3	
u " Freeman's Journal "		90
Boston Pilot	_	50
Dublin Nation		50
" Wrekly News		50
London Tablet "	_	50
" Register		50
You York Catholic World Monthly		50
Messenger Secred Heart		00
Landon Month	•	50
Dublin Review Quarterly	6	25
Catholic Review Philadelphia	ũ	00
enhanintions to the above ends on January 186 of		
each year, except Catholic World which	ends	on
Anril 1st.		
All Subscriptions are payable in adva-	nce.	
Sattler's Catholic Directory	ŞI	00
Catholic Directory for Great Britain and		;
Ireland	(1	60
Kehoe's Catholic Family Almanac		25
Mayerty's Irish American "		25
Frish American Newspaper "		25
Office of Holy Week, containing instruc-		
tions when to kneel, stand, etc	U	60
Month of St. Joseph		60
" Mary		40
Noveme to St. Patrick	0	15
JUST PUBLISHED.		Ì
Vinion with Our Lord Jesus Christ in His		
Principal Mysteries for All Seasons of the Year. By the Rev. Fr. John Bapties Year. By the Rev. By the Re		
and Year. By the Rev. Fr. John Bap-		
on the Knowledge and Love of Jesus		
Christ." etc	1	00
D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,		
Catholic Publishers,		
275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.		
om Bamerck's DAY.		

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Again returns the welcome Day, so dear to Erin's heart-A Day that wakens lofty thoughts, bids holy mem-

'ries start; As smiles our country through her tears, we, too,

though far away,
Will join our hearts and hopes with hers upon Saint Patrick's Day.

Our land-alas! no nation now-we can not call our own; Of all the glories of the past her faith remains

alone. But strong in that with earnest hearts to Freedom's

God we'll pray To heal her wounds and right her wrongs upon

Saint Patrick's Day.

Oh, may our homeless, exiled race, though drifted far apart,

l'o-day united, only know one aim, one soul, one

heart; One earnest wish to raise in might and read the

chain; away

That bind our country's free-born limbs this bright Saint Patrick's Day.

The grand old days when Patrick dwelt upon our native soil.

The days when Irish homes enjoyed the fruits of Irish toil.

The relics of a glorious past, sublime amid de-

Patrick's Day. Then, exiles, hail this day with pride, and keep

one aim in view; The by-gone times can ne'er be changed, the future

rests with you: Unless the patriot fire be fed 'twill smoulder all

away. And leave us sunk in grief and gloom upon Saint

Patrick's Day. Prove to the world 'tis falsely said you never can

unite: Drown not the shamrock, drown your feuds, and

join for Ireland's right;

Together naught can crush you down, and soon no tyrant's sway Shall blight our land or blast her homes upon Saint

Patrick's Day.

#### WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

BY LADY DACRE..

CHAPTER IV. Peace, brother, peace ! Speak not irreverently Of maiden bashfulness: it were to slander The breath of morn-the dew-drop on the bud-The thousand, thousand evanescent sweets That mix in nature's earliest incense.

Unpublished Poems.

" For the first few miles of her journey, every step of the way called forth from Lady Winifred fresh expressions of delight; at every inequality of the ground, she inquired whether these were yet the mountains of Wales, although at the same time she would have been disappointed had she received an answer in the affirmative, for her imagination had

pictured something far more wild and sublime. By degrees her questions became fewer, her exclamations less frequent. It was not that her wonder, or her delight decreased; it was not that her mother was unkind; but there was no sympathy between the artless child (for she was scarcely more than a child in experience) and the aged and serious women, who had arrived nearly at the end of a career in which they had witnessed the overthrow of the monarch to whom they were attached, the destruction of the religion they professed, and the blasting of the hopes of youth. All that remained of warmth of feeling in the Duchess of Powis was and well is she entitled to observance and respect concentrated in the desire of once more seeing a from all around her !" - Catholic king upon the throne; all the energies of

a lofty and commanding spirit were devoted to that is the first duty of a child to honor and obey her | that I may make a good wife to the stranger I am | She desired her daughter to look out towards the one object.

The innocent wonder, the simple delight of her young daughter, would have afforded to many a subject of pleasing interest: but her thoughts were upon weighter mutters; and to a person engaged in secret negotiations for the restoration of a dynasty such artless graces possessed no charm. The ty such artless graces possessed no charm. The lighted. Hasten, lest the supper may be served, Lady Winifred's personal attractions were such that and her grace may not be pleased if you are absent. there was no reason to fear the Earl of Nithsdale would not gladly fulfil the engagement which was desired by his king; from the gentleness and duty of her child no resistance to her wishes could be auticipated, and she was satisfied.

The duchess journeyed with her own horses, and from the state of the roads in those days there was lesiure during their progress for much reflection. By the time the dark blue outlines of the mountains became visible, the Lady Winifred had learned to subdue her raptures, and to resume the staid and sober demeanor which had been usual to her in the convent, but which had in some measure given way under the excitement of her first arrival in Eng-

When once established in the castle, of which Lord Powis considered his mother as the mistress, and where he himself only occasionally resided, the Lady Winifred found her life nearly as monotonous as it had been at Bruges. She had the pleasure of looking upon the beauties of nature, it is true; but it was only from a distance. The duchess would have considered it improper and undignified for her daughter to stray beyond the terrace which sur-rounded two sides of the castle, or the pleasaunce, which, having been neglected during the years that the Herbert family passed in exile, now resembling a straggling orchard, and, although superior in ex-tent, was very far inferior in neatness and cultivation to the trim garden of the Augustine convent at Bruges.

There were moments when the Lady Winifred looked back with regret to her convent life-when she thought with painful tenderness of her beloved sister-when she keenly felt the want of congenial

companions. Her mother, serious and abstracted, would sometimes pass whole hours in unbroken silence. Scated in her curved armchair of black oak, with its high back and its velvet cushions, she industriously plied her needle at the elaborate piece of carpet work which had occupied her fingers, though not her Winifred as patiently toiled at the delicate embroidery,in the execution of which persons brought up in foreign convents are usually so skillful.

An airing in the ponderous coach, through roads which would now be deemed impassible, constituted the only break in the routine of their life.

But even then there was no one to whom she might exclaim upon the beauties of the Dover, the rich interchange of meadow and mountain, wood, and fields of waving grain, or admire the more majestic glories of Cader Idris, which, although inferior in height to Snowdon, strikes the eye as being more lofty, from its more abrupt and bolder out-

line.
The daughter of Rachel Evans had been appointed as the personal attendant of the Lady Winitred, and, notwithstanding the difference in their birth, their condition, and their education, it was not long before the high-born Lady Winifred Herbert discovered in the humble Amy Evans a spirit as simple as ardent, as unsophisticated as her own.

Their young hearts warmed to each other. The want of sympathy in the other persons who surrounded her, naturally led the Lady Winifred to Show what we were and yet may be upon Saint an unconstrained communication with her waiting woman, which, had Amy's mind been stamped in a common mould, might have produced disrespect or familiarity, but which, with a soul so true, so frank, as that of the Welsh girl, inspired the enthusiastic devotion which subsequently proved invaluable to her lady.

The Lady Winifred was one evening summoned from her walk upon the terrace, where she was calmly listening to the tinkling of the distant sheep-bells, and watching the sun as it gradually sank behind the blue mountains.

It was Rachel Evans, whose tall and stately form approached through the twilight. From the circumstances before alluded to, she had been associated with those in a class above her, till she had acquired manners, as well as sentiments, beyond her station. She now wishes to prepare the Lady Winifred's mind for the unresisting compliance to her mother's wishes which she knew would be expected from her; but she was too really well bred ever to lose, in the freedom of the trusted companion, the respect due from a menial to her superious while at the same time, the affection she felt for one whom she had nursed in infancy, though it tempered the sternness of her character, was but secondary to her devotion to her lady, and the cause her lady had had espoused.

There were respect, affection, and decision, in Rachel Evans's tone, as she thus a costed Lady Winifred " Her grace requests your presence in the oak chamber, madam-she has matter of high importance to communicate to your ladyship. You remember, my dear young lady, what I once told you, that your honored mother had chosen for you a gentleman of noble lineage and undoubted honor; and I trust that my dear young mistress will show herself, as I know she is, a dutiful and grateful

"Oh, Evans; you do not mean-that my mother is really about to sp ak to me of the gentleman you

mentioned-now !-this evening !" The Lady Winifred clasped her hand, and tremb-

'Yes, madam, assuredly is she. And from whom can a young lady more properly receive the first intimation of her approaching marriage than from her parent-her only remaining parent? But I thought I would prepare you for what you were about to hear, lest you should at first look strange upon her grace; and you know full well that the lady duchess is not one of those who could brook an undoubtful word or a look of disobedience. Ever since his grace's death-Heaven rest his soul! -ny mistress has been used to rule everything; and nobly has she contended with adverse fortune

"Cortainly, Evans; full well do I know that it | witnessed: "Bless me before I leave you, and pray

parents; still I cannot but feel uneasy and alarm-

"Compose yourself, my sweet child. I know you are dutiful, although somewhat timid. Do not linger on the way, but hasten to her grace; she is in the oak room; and see! the tapers are already

The Lady Winifred followed old Rachel's injunctions, neither did she venture to question her any further. Though kinder and less stern than when she bad formerly opened the subject, still Rachel's manner was firm and uncommunicative, and she feared to show a curiosity which might be deemed forward or unbecoming. In ages and in countries where marriages are arranged and contracted by parental authority, love, whether lawful or unlawful, is equally treated as a feeling improper to be indulged.

With trembling hands the Lady Winifred turned the lock of the high and massive door. The apartment was brilliant from the wax-tapers in heavy silver sconces which illuminated it. The venerable ludy was content to live in retirement; but though she inhabited only a few rooms of the rambling old castle, in those fhe would not dispense with any of the state to which her youth had been accustomed.

She was, as usual, employed upon her carpetwork. How many serious and lofty thoughts-how many ambitious, proud, and melancholy feelingshow many sad and tender recollections-how many aspiring and loyal hopes-had passed through the mind of the noble embroideress, while her fingers had been employed in tracing the unconsious leaves and fruits !- if unrolled, it would have been to her as a journal of past thoughts and feeling !

The Lady Winifred gently closed the door behind

her, and timidly approached her mother. "I sent Rachel Evans to bid you hither," my child," said the duchess, as Lady Winifred stood before her; "be scated, Winifred; I have much to say to you. I have just received a letter from your brother, informing me that he will be here tomorrow by midday, and with him the Earl of Nithsdale, who accompanies him from Scotland. He is a nobleman of undoubted loyalty and gallant bearing, and one to whom I shall feel proud and happy in committing the welfare of my child. He is to become your husband, my dear Winifred; your king, your surviving parent, and your brother, have chosen him for you; so prepare yourself to receive him with such maidenly attention as may be fitting in one of your noble birth."

The Lady Winifred answered not; but the tears stood in her eyes, and at length flowed down her checks.

"What means these tears?" resumed the duchess, when she had observed them.

"Oh, nothing madam; only the news is sudden,

and I scarcely know—"
"You scarcely know what, my child?

"I scarcely know how I shall comport myself on such an occasion. Is he—is the Earl of Nithsdale
—a person—such a person—is he a good man?" the Lady Winifred faltered forth,

"Assuredly is he. Does my daughter think I would wed her to a person who was mean in character-a heretic, a coward or a profligate? No, not even to fulfil the commands of my king would I peril the immortal soul of my child I' answered the lady, with a proud reliance on her own integrity of purpose.

"Oh, no I my honored mother, I never imagined such a thing; only—" but she durst frame no other question, If in her secret bosom she wished to know whether he was in outward appearance and in manners such as might win a youthful heart, she scarcely ventured to acknowledge to herself any anxiety upon subjects concerning which both her mother and Rachel Evans had appeared to consider it unbecoming in her to inquire.

The Duchess of Powis presently resumed. "The young carl" (the word young was not lost upon Lady Winified) "was at Bruges when your sister Lucy took the veil : indeed, he has not been many months returned from Flanders. When there, he was fortunate enough to obtain a secret interview with our

"Did he indeed?" asked Lady Winifred, with eagerness; for the loyalty in which she had been nurtured invested everything that appertained to the exiled monarch with int-rest in her eyes.

"Yes; it was when King James was serving in the King of France's army. His retinue, alas! was scarcely equal to that of a private gentleman; and his gracious majesty was suffering so severely from ill health that he was shortly obliged to return to St. Germaiu's; but he received the earl most graciously, and accepted his homage and devotion. Colouel Hook, who has since been sent from St. Germain's to Scotland, has been for some time in communication with the earl, and it is through him that the king has expressed a wish that the loyal family of the Maxwells should form an alliance

with that of the Herberts. The servant now entered to announce that supper was served, and the Lady Winitred offered her supporting arm to conduct her mother into the adjoining apartment; although perhaps at that moment the daughter more needed a stay to her footsteps than the parent, who was pleased and satisfied at the successful termination which she anticipated to the plan she had long been forming.

The repast was si ent. The Lady Winifred felt as if the gray-headed butler and the two servingmen must all be aware that she was a destined bride and she blushed for the agitation which prevented her being able to touch any of the viands placed be-

It was the custom of the ladies to retile to rest soon after supper; and when the young girl had carefully folded and arranged all belonging to her mother's work, and had dutifully lighted her to her apartment, the duchess gave her a more tender and fundling embrace than was usual, according to the formal manners of the time, and the cold bearing of the person we have described.

This temporary unbending on the part of the parent roused all the smothered feelings in the bosom of the daughter.

"Give me your blessing, dearest mother," she exclaimed, with an emotion her mother had never yet to marry.'

"I do indeed bless you, my good child; nor can I doubt that you will prove the virtuous wife that is a crown of glory to her husband. None of your race and lineage have tailed, nor will you, my gentle daughter. Heaven bless you, and preserve you, my Winified, to be an honor to your family and to your sex !"

Amy Evans was surprised, when her young lady had closed the door of her sleeping apartment, to see her suddenly throw herself into a chair and burst into convulsive sobs. She was greatly alarmed, and prescribed such simple nostrums for bysteries as occurred to her. She knelt by her side; she patted her lady's hands; she bathed her temples with distilled waters.

"I am not ill, dear Amy! I shall be better in a

moment; but-but, I am going to be married, Amy !"

Indeed, my lady! You do not say so? I hope it is to a worthy gentleman !"

"Oh, yes: my mother says he is in every respect most worthy, and was almost angry with me that I could doubt it."

"And is he young?"
"I think the word young escaped my mother's

lips. " And handsome, I hope?"

"Nay, of that I know nothing."

"How! my lady, not know!" "I have never seen him, and these are questions it would not have been fitting for me to ask.

"Oh! I thank my kind stars I am not a lady, exclaimed Amy, "to be married to some ugly old man one knows nothing of."

"Alas! is he indeed old and ugly? Oh, Amy! would I were an humble country girl! But," she added, after a moment's pause, with a gentle dignity and firmness of resolve—" but, being what I am, I must do that which my station requires. I must obey my mother, even though he may be as

old, and as disagreeable as you say."
"Nay, my dear, dear lady, do not look so sad! I know not that he is old and ugly; I was only thinking it would be a sore trial to be married to some old stranger, when—when—" It was now Amy's turn to blush, and to look confused, for she was betrothed to the son of a tenant of the Duke of Powis. "But with you, my lady, it is quite different. Who knows but your future husband may prove as dear to you, as—as David is to me!" she added, half biushing, but half smiling, also, for her engagement was an acknowledged thing.

"Perhaps you may have seen him, Amy? He is a friend of my brother's,—the Earl of Nithsdale. " No, my sweet lady, I have never seen him; but the name is a marve lous well-sounding name; so do not look sorrowful, but hope for the best. If your lady mother has chosen him, and if your brother loves him, why should not you love him

" And the king, Amy-the king approves of him, and confides in him; and king wishes for this

union !" "His majesty!" exclaimed Amy with awe; " then it must be right! And yet," she added, "I know not how it would fare with me, if the king was to send his commands from beyond the seas, that David was not to be my husband, but that I was to marry some one he chose for me! Ah, well! it is all as it should be! You are a lady, and I am a country-maiden; and it is all for the best !"

### CHAPTER V.

His soul is tossed sweet hopes and doubts between And you might almost 'mid these flutterings trace' dear assurance to be loved by her;

For silence is love's best interpreter. He might, besides, as she drew near, observe O'er all her face a deep vermillion dye; And short and broken, checked by cold reserve, Her accents of condoling courtesy.

Translation from the Italian of Pulci. The morrow came. The Lady Winifred was pale, more pale than usual. Her hands trembled as she toiled at her many-colored silks; more time was spent in disentangling them than in embroidering. Her heart beat at every sound-she started every moment. But the duchess was in the habit of veil ing all emotions under an exterior of imperturbable composure, and proceeded with the eternal carpetwork without making one false stitch, although she might feel some inward agitation at the prospect of presenting her daughter to her future busband, and some joy at that of seeing her son who

had been many months absent. Once or twice she turned her eyes upon her daughter, and secretly regretted that she seemed pale and languid, and she even fancied she could perceive traces of tears upon her cheeks; but she knew that the marriage was arranged, and she was certain that a shade more or less of beauty in his betrothed would not affect the ultimate success of the negotiations with the Earl of Nithsdale. She was confident that the Herbert family was too noble to be slighted; and she doubted not that the gentleness and virtues of Winifred must attach her husband, even should her personal attractions fail to strike him at first.

The Lady Winifred, meantime, thought not of her own appearance. She imagined that Lord Nithsdale was as inevitably bound to her as she was to him; and her agitation at the notion of first beholding him, and her longing desire to see the brother, who was equally a stranger to her, swaltowed up all

personal feelings. The apartment already described as that usually inhabited by the Duchess of Powis, was a corner room, and was lighted by windows on two sides. Lady Winifred habitually established herself in one of those which looked towards the east; it commanded the most extensive view; and moreover, when gazing in that direction, her thoughts o'erleaped the space between, and wondered towards the friends a d playmates of her childhood. From the other, to the south, could be seen the approach of travellers from some distance. If her brother only had been expected, probably she would have placed herself so as to command a view of the road but now she scarcely ventured to turn her eyes that way; she sat with her face bent low over her frame, almost breathiesely listening to every sound.

The castle c'ock struck three. The Duchess of

southern entrance, and tell her whether she saw any one approaching.

"Yes, madam," answered Lady Winifred, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Well, my child, whom and what do you see?" "There are four horsemen, madam, riding quickly

up the hill." "Then I imagine we may order dinner to be served," aswered the mother, who was accustomed

to the strickest punctuality. "How wear are they? "They are even now entering the castle gate;" and Lady Wipifred sunk on the window-sent, while her eyes became so dizzy she could scarcely distinguish anything further. A vague, indistinct recollection of sister Margaret's French friend, Eugenic de St. Mesnil, and of the betrothed in blue and silver -a confused thought of Amy's expression, "old and

ugly," ran through her brain-when her mother bade her ring the bell: she obeyed; and, rallying herself, she returned to her embroidery, which she honed would assist her in recovering from her confusion. In a few moments footsteps were heard in the adjoining apartment; the clank of boots, the sound of voices. The door opened, and the Marquis, or, as he was usually called, the Duke of Powis, ad-

vanced to his mother, and, having kissed her hand,

was folded in her maternal embrace: while Lady

Winifred, having rison mechanically from her seat. stood pale and immovable behind her.

" My sister?" inquired the duke. "Our dear Winifred," replied the duchess; and to her atter surprise and confusion, the Lady Winifred suddenly found herself embraced by a bluff gav, honest-looking man, who was indeed her brother.

"And now, my lady mother, you must allow me to present to you my friend and companion, the Earl of Nithedale, who has been my host for the last three weeks, which I passed with him at Terre agles."

The Earl of Nithsdale, who had hitherto kept in the background, now advanced with a graceful and respectful bow to make his obeisances to the duchess, who then presented him to her daughter,

The Lady Winifred, startled by her brother's greeting, blushed rosy-red. Lord Nithsdale bowed still lower than to the duchess, and for a moment gazed upon the fair young thing before him, but as quickly withdrew his glance; for, with the nice feeling of a refined mind, he perceived, although her eyes were not for one moment raised from the

ground, that she quivered beneath his gaze. The parent might have been satisfied with the personal attractions of her daughter at this moment. The surprise and the excitement had summoned a bloom that gave her all the brilliancy which at times she might require. The extreme purity of her expression, and bashfulness of her demeanor, suited well with the embarrassing situation

in which she was placed. The midday repast was announced. The duchess was handed by Lord Nithsdale; while the Duke of Powis gave hisarm to his shrinking sister, who, shy and trembling. scarcely ventured touch it, alarmed to find herself on so familiar a footing with any man, even though a brother-she who had scarcely spoken to one of the other sex except good Father Albert.

Had the soft, innocent eyes of young Winifred never yet been raised? Had she not yet beheld the face of her future lord? When first the door had opened, she had stolen a furtive glance-had seen enough to convince her that the person who accompanied her brother, if indeed he were the Earl of Nithsdale, was neither old nor ugly. But from that moment forward they had been riveted to theground

The dinner was dull and constrained : how should it be otherwise? Though the Duke of Powis exerted himself to the utmost, and told many lively anecdates concerning his exploits when deer stalking in the Highlands, or salmon-fishing in the Lowlands, his unassisted efforts could not succeed in sustaining the conversation. The venerable duchess was always stately in her manners; she had lived almost entirely out of the world, and had none of the small talk of the day. Lady Winifred, of course could not be expected to speak. Lord Nithsdale, although he had read much, travelled far, and although he had seen much of the world in general, felt that in his situation, also, light and flippant conversation would be out of season; and upon subjects of nearer interest, of deeper anxiety, whether personal or political, they could none of them touch while surrounded by attendants.

When, however, they adjourned to the pleasaunce they were able to communicate more freely,

The Duke of Powis imparted to the duchess all that Colonel Hook had told them of the chevalier's hopes and fears; of all the promises of assistance which were held out to him by Louis the Fourteenth; of all the pledges of devoted attachment to the cause which he had received from the various nobles and lairds of Scotland.

The Earl of Nithsdale qualified his friend's hopeful view of the case by mentioning the divisions which, in consequence of colonel Hook's mismanagement, had arisen between the more zealous partisans, including the Dukes of Athol and of Perth, who were for at once receiving the king without any conditions, and the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Marishal, and others, who adopted more moderate principles.

The Lady Winifred cowered close to her mother; but once or twice, attracted by the deep, low, carn est tones of his voice, as he feelingly deplored these disunions, which he feared might prove the destruction of a I their hopes, she found her eyes involuntarily turn towards the speaker; and once, once only, he surprised them fixed upon him

Confused and shocked at herself, she hastily withdrew them, and from that instant found herself all loyal Jacobite as she was, totally incapable of listening to the chances of success which attended the plans in agitation, but wholly occupied in wondering what must have been the Earl of Nithadale's impression of her boldness, in having thus ventured to gaze upon him, and fearing he must necessarily have formed a very unfavorable opinion

This was a great change! She was little aware herself that the subject of her anxiety had so com-Powis wondered her visitors had not yet arrived. Pletely shifted its ground, from the impression he